THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST.

The great big church waz crowded full uv broad-cioth and uv silk. An' satins rich as cream that grows on our ol' briodle's milk;
Shined boots, biled shirts, stiff dickeys an' stovepipe hats wuz there,
An' doods 'ith trouserloons so tight they couldn't kneel down to prayer.

The elder in his poolpit high, said, as he slowly "Our organist is kep' to hum, laid up 'ith rooma-An' as we hev no substituot, as Brother Moore ain't here,
Will some' un in the congregation be so kind's to
volunteer?"

An' then a red-nosed, drunken tramp, of low-toned, rowdy stile, Give an enterductory hiccup, an' then staggered up the aisle.

Then thro' thet holy atmosphere there crep a

An' thro' thet air uv sanctity the odor uv ol' gin.

Then Descon Purington he yelled, his teeth all This man purfanes the house of God! W'y, this is sacrilege!"
The trampdidd hear a word he said but slouched 'ith stumblin' feet,
An' sprawled an' staggered up the steps, an' gained the organ seat.

He then went pawin' thro' the keys, an' there rose a strain
That seemed to je-t bulge out the heart, an' lectrify the brain:
An' then he slapped down on the thing 'th hands
an' head an' knees,
He slam-dashed his hull body down kerflop upon
the keys.

The organ roared, the music flood went sweepin' high an' dry, It swelled into the rafters an' bulged out into the sky: The ol' church shook an' staggered, an' seemed to An' the elder shouted "Glory!" an' I relled out

An' then he tried a tender strain thet melted in Thet brought up blessed memories an "drenched 'em down 'th tears;

An' we dreamed uv of time kitchens, 'ith Tabby on the mat,
Uv home an' luv an' baby-days, an' mother, an' all that

spoke a word,
An' it wuz the saddest story that our ears had ever heard;
He had tol' his own life history, and no eye was dry that day,
W'en the elder rose an' simply said: "My brethree left us pray." ren, let us pray."
—S. W. Foss in Courier-Journal.

MICKEY FINN'S CHSISTMAS PRES-ENT.

The dreamy haze of Indian summer had fallen on the hamlet of Cooney Island. The trees in Lindsley's wood, under the magic breath of Jack Frost, had put on their fine raiment of crimson and gold. Quail piped in the meadows and partridges preened their feathers in the laurel brakes. Chestnut burrs had begun to yawn and squirrels to whisk their banner-like tails from branch to branch in the chestnut trees.

One evening in the early part of October Mrs. Finn sent her boy Mickey to the gro-

Mrs. Finn sent her boy Mickey to the grocery store with these instructions:

"Git a quarter of a pound of grane tay mixed; Owlong tay, I mane; wan bear of yaller soap, like ye got the last toime; wan shkein of black thread, and three candles, sixes. And see here, Mickey, ye can tell O'Shaughnessy he may as well charge it, Moind, now, fwhat I'm tellin' ye, be shure and tell him if thim candles is gutthery like the last time I'll take me trade to Reilly the last time I'li take me trade to Keilly acrass the street. Bad luck to them thavin' blaggards, they're always chatin' the poor. Run along now, Mickey, and ye'd betther put on yer shoes for fear ye'd stub yer toes!"

Little Mike went out of the gate whist ling. He had reached the corner of the street when he turned back again and put his head in at the door, saying as he did so: "Is it a quarter of a pound of aich kind of tay, grane and black, or only a quarter of a pound of them both together, I'm to get, mother?"

"Bad luck to ye, Mickey, I thought ye were there and back be this toime," replied Mrs. Finn. Then she held up her hand and began counting on her fingers. "That's four things ye're to get—tay, soap, thread and candles—candles, soap, thread and tay;

tay-"
But little Mike had gone and Mrs. Finn

But little Mike had gone and Mrs. Finn turned to her husband as he sat smoking before the fire and said:

"Mike, dear, fwhat are ye goin' to give the little lad for Christmas?"

"Musha, but thar's toime enough to be thinkin' o' that, Biddy," replied Mr. Finn.

"Shure it's nearly three months away yet. Ye can't fool the lad anyhow, Biddy. He's gettin' that big now he knows who Santy Claws is."

"He do not then, Mike. And he shall hav' a foiner Christmas present nor he ever had before," was the indignant reply.

"But whare will you get the money to

had before," was the indignant reply.

"But whare will you get the money to buy it wid, Biddy?" said her hasband.

"Arrah, don't thrubble yersel', Mike; I'll get it and not ax ye for a cint."

"It'll be a moighty foine present ye'll get widout money!" snecred Mr. Finn.

This taunt roused Mrs. Finn, and she would have replied in an angry manner had not little Mike stepped in just then on his return from the grocery. His mother's anger died away like mutterings in April thunder. But she resolved that no matter what per-

died away like mutterings in April thunder. But she resolved that no matter what personal sacrifices might come of it she would make her boy's eyes dance with delight on Christman morning and turn her husband's sarcasm to chagrin. Mrs. Finn was the owner of three Brahma hens. She had raised them herself, had built the coop in which they were kept, and had fed them until they became so tame that they would eat from her hand. Next to her boy and her husband these hens were the joy of Mrs. Finn's heart. The big dominick rooster, who stalked around the yard

to her boy and her husband these hens were the joy of Mrs. Finn's heart. The big dominick rooster, who stalked around the yard on his stilt-like legs, she had named Patsey, and each of the hens was called by a name which Mrs. Finn considered appropriate to the character of her pet. The most demure hen she called Mary. The others were known respectively and ambiguously as Allana and Mavourneen.

On the morning of the conversation related above Mrs. Finn found three large brown eggs in the coop. These she put into her apron and hastened up the Old Point road to the residence of the rich Mrs. Roberts on the hill. Mrs. Finn did the weekly washing for the Robertsfamily. She pulled the bell handle of the rich woman's house and stood palpitating while the echoes rang through the long hall. To the maid who came to the door Mrs. Finn said:

"C'u'd I see the misthress?"

"Til see," replied the maid.

A favorable answer being received, Mrs. Finn was ushered into the elegant parlor under the big chandelier, where, covered with confusion and blushes, she was greeted with a pleasant smile by the kindly hostess.

"What can I do for you, Mrs. Finn?' said Mrs. Roberts, after her visitor had sa down gingerly upon the edge of a richly upholstered chair.

down gingerly upon the edge of a richly upholstered chair.

"Ye'll excuse me for comin' intil yer illigant house, Mrs. Roberts, but I want to
make me little lad a Christmas present, and
I was wonderin' didn't ye want some fresh
eggs ivery da', as is laid by me three hins.
Savin' yer prisince, ma'am, but I'll
bring thim to ye warrum from the nest
ivery mornin' in me apron, so ye can hav'
thim fur yer brekquist."

"Nothing would suit me better, Mrs.
Finn. What is your price?" said Mrs.
Roberts, enterin into Mrs. Finn's scheme
with sympathetic eagerness. down gingerly upon the edge of a richly up-

with sympathetic eagerness.

Mrs. Finn's face shown like a full moon

cints apiece for the eggs. Ye see, I had Mickey figgerin' on his shlate widout tellin' him fwhat fur, d'ye moind. This is how it is: Wan egg fur two cints—that'll be six cints fur three eggs. Bechune and Christmas Da' I'll hav' seventy egg at I'ast, I'avin' out the days whin the hins don't lay. Be the toime Santy Claws comes there'll be four dollars and twenty cints—and God bless ye ma'am, and may ye live to ate the chickens that scratches over live to ate the chickens that scratches over yer grave, and—and—"

Mrs. Finn's eloquence was interrupted by the question.
"What are you going to buy for your boy,
Mrs. Finn?"

The appearance of the appearance of the property of

"Axin' yer pardon, it's a saycret. If you wouldn't mind I'll not tell ye till the day after Christmas.

When Mrs. Finn left the house of her rich patron her bosom was as full of chuckles as an egg is of meat.

"Oh, dear; oh, dear, wont Mickey be de-loighted whin he founds fwhat Santy Claws brings till him." she muttered to herself as she hurried homeward.

she hurried homeward.

The possession of such a profound secret lent a charm to Mrs. Finn's existence such as she had never felt before. This secret was continually coming up to her lips and trying to escape, and her struggles to keep it looked in her bosom were desperate indeed. Another cause of anxiety to the good woman was the question which Mr. Finn asked daily as to why a fresh egg was not served with his breakfast. It was only by the most ingenious white lies that Mrs. Finn persuaded her husband that the hens had stopped laying, or that some vandal had stopped laying, or that some vandal muskrat from Brown's pond had robbed the nest in the coop. At least once a week Mrs. Finn went down into the village to look at the present she intended to buy for her boy, as it lay resplendent in beauty

in the jeweler's window.
October passed swiftly away, elbowed out of existence, as it were, by chill November.
December, with its snows and chilly winds,
stripped the gorgeous plumage from Lindsley's wood and kept Mrs. Finn's chickens in
the coop, for there were no pickings
now in the back yard, covered as it was with
snow.

Uv home an' luv an' baby-days, an' mother, an' all that!

An' then he strock a streak uv hope—a song from souls forgiven—
Thet barst from prison-bars of sin, 'an' stormed the gates uv heaven:
The barst from prison-bars of sin, 'an' stormed the gates uv heaven:
The mornin' stars they sung together—no soul was left alone—
We felt the universe wuz safe, an' God wuz on his throne!
An' then a wail uv deep despair an' darkness come again,
An' long, black crape hung on the doors uv all the homes uv men:
No love, no light, no joy, no hope, no songs of glad delight,
An' then—the trmp he staggered down an' reeled into the night!

But we knew he'd tol' his story, tho' he never spoke a word,
An' it wuz the saddest story thet our ears hed Mickey Finn had gone to sleep on Christ had come to him in the guise of his mother, but he waited, wondering vaguely what the glad Christmastide had swept up to him. And as he lay there with open eyes he heard a soft metallic sound under his pillow. His sense of hearing was quickened until, to his excited fancy, the sound seemed to ring through the room like a clarion. With trembling fingers he reached under the pillow and clasped a round object smooth to the touch and with a glass face. He lifted it gingerly to his ear and the regular tick, tick, tick, told him that Santa Claus had brought him a beautiful watch. Claus had brought him a beautiful watch.

The next morning when Mickey came out of his bedroom his mother was building the fire. As she looked at her boy with shining

eyes she said:
"Mickey, c'u'd ye tell me fwhat toime is
it, I dunno?" There was a suspicion of moisture upon the boy's cheeks as he placed his hands upon his mother's shoulders and replied: "It's half past five, mother. But this is the first toime I iver thought Sandy Claws wore petticoats."

Begg's Cherry Cough Syrup. Is giving splendid satisfaction to the

trade and the sales are positively marvelous, which can be accounted for in no other way except that it is without doubt the best on the market. Ask for and be sure you get the genuine. We keep it. R. S. Hale & Co., Drugists.

Holiday Excursion Rates on the Montan Central Railway.

The Montana Central will sell excursion tickets between all points on their line at one and one-fifth fare for the round trip. Tickets on sale Dec. 24, 25 and 31, also Jan. 1, good to return until Jan. 3, B. H. Langley, Gen. Ticket Agt.



Afterfa fow days' nse will permanently remove all Blotches, Moles, Pimples and Freekles, producing an Entrancingly Beautiful Complexion that shames the use of powders and creams. Warranted perfectly harmless. Sold by all leading truggists at 41 per box of 100 wafers.

Dr. Simms' Safe Periodical Wafers are sure and reliable for all female irregularities. Price \$2 per box. Sent by mail (secure) on receipt of price. Warranted to, contain no "Tansy" or "Pennyroyal."

THUMLER & Co., 83 Chambers St., New York.

[SH.4M. Parchen & Co., Sole Agents, Helena.

The Celebrated French Gure. Warranted "APHRODITINE" or money refunded.



Extrons ising from the AFTER excessive use of Stimulants, Tobacco or Opium, of through youthful Indiscretion, over indiagence, &c., such as Loss of Brain Power, Waketubess Bearing down Pains in the Back, Semina Weakness, Hysteria Nervous Prostration Nocture, at Emissions, Leucorrhess, Dizziness, Weak Memory, Loss of Fower and Impotency, which if neglected often lead to premature old age and insanty. Frice \$1.00 a box, 5 boxes for \$6.00 Sent by make on receipt of price.

A WRITTEN GUARANTEE for every \$8.50 order, to refund the money if a Permaneur is not effected. Thousands of testimonia. Tom old and young, of both sexes, permaneur is red by APHRODITINE. Circular Iree. Address THE APHRO MEDICINE CC.

WESTERN BRANCH, PORTLAND, GE Sale by t. S. date & lo., whole ste and retain

GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY



NESS. Impotency and general loss of power of the Generalive Organs, in either sex, caused by indiscretion or over-exertion and which ultimately lead to PRE-MATURE OLD AGE. INSAN-ITY and CONSUMPTION. \$1 a box or six boxes for *5. Sent by mail on receipt of price. Full particulars in pamphlet sent free to every applicant.

eant.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES
to cure any case. For every \$5 order received, we send six boxes, with a written guarantee to refund the money if our Specific does not effect a core.

as she replied:
"I would't want to be dignations to ye,
Mrs. Roberts, with yer kind heart. So if
ye wouldn't moind ye c'u'd pay, me two

"I would't want to be dignations to ye,
Mrs. Roberts, with yer kind heart. So if
ye wouldn't moind ye c'u'd pay, me two

"I sale in Heiens by H. M. Parchen & Co.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS

For the

-HOLIDAYS!

In-

Furniture, Caroets, Stoves, Crockery and GLASSWARE!

We Can Furnish Your House Complete!

111, 113, 115, 117 and 119 Broadway.

WALLACE & THORNBURGH!



WALLACE & THORNBURGH.







Buys and Sells all Kinds of

FURNITURE, MIRRORS, CROCKERY, STOVES,

Office Furniture, Bar Outfits, Saddles, Harness, Bicycles, and Everything the Heart Can Desire, at Half Price. Will also exchange goods for anything you have.

CORNER 6th AVE. and MAIN.

HELENA, MONT.

Judson's Improved Powder, NOBLE'S EXPLOSIVE DYNAMITE.

GIANT POWDER.

nended by Miners, Railroad Contractors, and Endorsed by the Public in Genera as the Strongest, Safest and Best of all High Explosives A. M. Holter Hardware Co., General Agents,

R. S. HALE & CO.,

DRUGGISTS.



Dealers in Patent, Medicines, Fancy Toilet Goods, Lanterns Lamps and Lamp Goods Glass, Paints, Oils, etc., Surgical Instruments, Cr. ches. Braces, etc. Wholesale agents for Cn. for Coughs and Colds, Kirk's Pile Ointment, Ches. Agopodium, Bosanko Medicines, Dr. Killer's Remedy, Dandelion Tonic, Oregon Killer ea, Dutard's Specific.

S.FRANK, 22 EWING STREET, (Cor. Breckenridge, Opposite Court House)

The San Francisco Tailor.

Gents' Clothing Cleaned, Scoured, Altered and Rebound. Best Workmanship, Neatly Done and at Short Notice.

A SPECIALTY Made in Cleaning and Altering Ladies' Gar-ments of All Kinds. Grease, Paint, Etc., Easily Removed.

ESTRAY NOTICE—CAME TO MY PLACE about one month ago, one bay horse, no brand, sway-back, high wethers, high hips, smal star on forchead, white spot on nose, hind of foot white, a few saddle marks.

JOHN D. THOMAS,
Three miles from Heluna on Ten Mile Creek,

GLASS OF LAGER (Preferred Stock.)

W. J. LEMPS' CELLEBRATED ST. LOUIS
LAGER BEER in Kegs is purchased at a cost
of \$2 Per Barrel klore than any other Eastern
Beer brought to Helena. As the Beer is
Guaranteed by the Manufacturer to contain
No Deleterious Ingredients, being made of
PURE Barley, Malt and Choice New Crop.
Hops, we advise those desiring a PURE
GLASS OF BEER to call on
WM. DINGEE, Gerhauser Block, Rodney Street,
NICK BLUBOCK, Lower Main Street,
JACK BERNARD, Bridge Street,
DR. J. FOLLENIUS, N. P. Depot, and the J. LEMPS' CELEBRATED ST. LOUIS

GREAT LOUVRE SALOON, MAIN STREET. BOESMAN BROS. & CO., Sole Agents.



* spail your feet by wearing cheep shows et durt & Puckerd Shoe costs no more that a set ame chor, the ga case approach if its salva, ayles in Hand-made, Rand-welt, and Burke is fore and vocase. I not sold by your dealers to case and your address to and & Field, Brockton, Mass. Bois FRED GAMER, - HELENA, MONT

WHOLESALE PRICES FOR THE BALANCE OF

OUR STOCK!

WE ARE **CLOSING OUT**

OUR BUSINESS AND HAVE SOME GREAT BARGAINS.

W. H. BAKER & CO.,

THE GREAT Bankrupt Sale of

WATCHES.

Jewelry and Diamonds

Give us a call and secure the B ig I argain

SALE EVERY DAY AT 2 TO 7 P. M. BUY NOW!

For investment. Lots near Northern Pacific \$150 EACH AND UPWARDS.

O HOUSES, AND LOTS 50x140 FEET, ONLY three years. This is a bargain. Will pay over 50 per cent THESE PRICES GOOD FOR TWENTY

Inquire of C. A. GRISSINGER. Office 1321 Helena Avenne, near N. P. depot. Real estate. MONTANA

Business College & Phonographic Institure The only First-Class Business School between St. Paul and Portland. Night school October to April. Read "Board of Reference" in College Reporter. Waite for terms.

HAHN & WALTERS. Gold Block, Helena, Mont.

MONEY TO LOAN!

In sums to suit on from Six Months to Five Years Time on Real Estate Security. Money on hand. No Delay. Cash paid for Real Estate Mortgages by W. H. CLARK & SON, Gen. Agents.

-FOR-Northwestern Guaranty Lean Company

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.,

Board of Trade Room, Pittsburg Block, Helena MARSHAL'S SALE .- I WILL SELL AT PUBat Allen's corral, on Breckenridge street, in Relena, at 10 o'clock a. m. on Monday, the 16th day of December. A. D. 1889, the following described property, to wir: One pinto herse, 1 bay horse, 1 white horse. Helena, Dec. 14, 1889.

WEAK MEN Indiagrations CURE by this New IMPROVED ALL STREET OF THE STATE OF THE SANDEN ELECTRIC CO., SAIMBLE CLOCK DERVER, COL